

The Spartan and the Bounty Hunter

by Hammermaster

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Summary: Metroid Fusion Halo crossover. The Master Chief and Samus both end up on a strange Covenant Vessel which appears deserted. Ch. 6 Knight of Valor. The Master Chief struggles to be human.

1. Chapter 1 Day of Glory

****The Spartan and the Bounty Hunter****

****Chapter 1 Prologue: Day of Glory****

Hey everybody. Yes, finally the Great Hammermaster (myself) writes a Halo story. Except this is a cross over with Metroid Fusion. I submitted it here because I think that Halo fans would better appreciate this type of story and the type of action I will be employing (more like Halo than like Metroid). Please read and review, cause I am review hungry.****

"I think we have a problem," a Grunt said softly.

"What is it?" the Elite snapped.

"We... we lost contact with the Day of Glory."

The Day of Glory was one of the Covenant's largest ships. It had began to approach the planet Earth. But then it had received a distress call from some unknown space station. The Day of Glory had then turned off its course to investigate the strange signal. What the crew of the Day of Glory found was a broken space station which appeared deserted. The final transmission between the Day of Glory and the small troop of Covenant Soldiers that awaited the arrival of the Day of Glory was: "The station looks empty. We are currently docking with it to investigate what sent the distress signal."

Then, it simply disappeared from Radar.

"The Day of Glory can not be destroyed by any physical being," the

Elite said skeptically. "The Day of Glory is the greatest ship in the galaxy."

"See for yourself," the Grunt said before turning the radar screen around to face the Elite.

The Covenant warrior surveyed the screen and realized that what the Grunt said was true.

"By the Holy Prophets," he exclaimed. "No physical being could have done such a thing!"

"Sir, request permission to leave the station," Master Chief said softly.

> "For what purpose, Master Chief?" Lord Hood asked.

> "To give the Covenant back their bomb," Master Chief replied.
"Permission granted," Lord Hood replied.

Master Chief grabbed the bomb, and began dragging it across the ground.

"What is he doing?" a soldier asked Lord Hood.

"You heard him," Lord Hood replied.

"You can't be serious!"

"He is the Master Chief."

Master Chief shot up into the sky holding onto the bomb. He rocketed into the Covenant vessel, and activated the detonation sequence. Then, he pushed off of the hull of the ship, and flew back out into space.

"Cortana, tell that ship to slow down!" the Master Chief shouted when he realized that he had pushed off too early.

"I can't," Cortana replied. "My transmission has been jammed!"

"No!" Master Chief shouted as he missed the human ship and went flying off into space.

"I'm losing your signal Master Chief," Cortana shouted. "Come in Spartan 117!"

"Help me!" Master Chief shouted.

But no one could save him now. He knew the physics of space. He would go flying off in a straight path for eternity unless by chance he would crash into something. For the first time, the mighty Spartan began to panic. He now realized that when he died, he would leave nothing behind. He had no wife, no kids to carry on his legacy. Few people even called him by real name. It was always "Master Chief this," and "Master Chief that." But no one referred to him by his true name.

"I'm John!" he shouted as he flew off into space. "My name is John! Speak to me someone! I'm dying inside!"

There was no one who would cry when he died. No one to shed a tear. The only woman he had ever been around was Miranda Keyes, and he barely knew her. He had met her like, oh, a couple months ago. And she treated him like a King, not like a human. And that was what the Master Chief needed, was for someone to treat him as an equal.

Master Chief knew that when he died no one could fill his shoes. He had been engineered for his job ever since he was a child. And he was the last of the Spartans. He was a great warrior, and had never feared death. But now he feared it. And for the first time in his life, the Master Chief began to pray.

Thud! The crash jolted the Master Chief, but did nothing else. His armor was strong enough to withstand such crashes. John opened his eyes, surprised to realize that he had closed them. He had crashed against a large Covenant Ship which was slowly drifting through space.

_What is this? _the Master Chief wondered.

He saw a docking bay over to his left. The Master Chief grabbed tightly to the side of the ship, and began crawling across it towards the open docking bay.

Somewhere, far back in the exhaust of the Covenant Ship an explosion rocked the galaxy. A planet, and the Space Station that had orbited around it exploded in a crimson fury. But before they exploded, a strange purple starship shot out from the space station, and shot out into space, trailing after the Covenant Ship. The driver of the starship tracked the Covenant Ship, and discovered that it was heading straight for the planet of Earth.

"Are you sure that what you say is correct Adam?" she said into her comlink.

"I'm certain of this," came the response. "You must hurry, before it spells doom for the entire human race. Any objections Lady?"

**So, whatcha think? Good eh? Bad? Please review. Until Another day.**

2. Chapter 2 Orange Warrior

Chapter 2 Orange Warrior

_**In the words of my friends the Dragoons from Starcraft, "I have returned!" Ha-ha! yes! This is getting exciting. to answer some of the questions of you good reviewers, yes, I know that Spartan's weren't raised normally. That is why I made him have that incident. Because he has been deprived of a normal life and deprived of the necessary love from a mother and father. He is missing some things which others have. He has no family, or any Surogate family (for everyone treats him like a robot, or like a King). Yes, dying helplessly is a great fear of theirs. That is another reason why he freaks out when he is helpless to save himself. They don't ever scream or panic, because they are trained not to. So it remains bottled up inside of the Master Chief, and all comes out at this moment. Stalker Samurai, by together do you mean working together, or

as in... going for each other. I don't know, I think you all will be pleased at where this story is going, it isn't just your regular stupid combination of stories.

> _

The Master Chief pulled himself into the docking bay, and looked around. The bay was deserted, except for a couple Banshees which were scattered around.

"What happened here?" the Master Chief said.

The Covenant would always have guards in the docking bay, and artificial gravity as well. John crawled across the ceiling until he arrived at the other side of the docking bay. A lone door stood there, which appeared to go into some kind of air lock. The Master Chief opened the door, and walked into the air lock. When he emerged through the other side, he found that artificial gravity was active inside the ship. The air was also breathable. But the Master Chief did not remove his helmet.

"Cortana," he said, "do you read me?"

No answer.

"Cortana! Do you read me?"

Nothing but static. The Master Chief sighed, and began walking into the bowels of the ship.

* * *

>"...and I lost his signal as he flew away," Cortana said softly.
<p>Lord Hood sighed, and turned away.<p>

"Just great," he said. "He was one of the last remaining Spartans and we lost him! Oh yeah, now the Covenant will just fall on their knees before us."

"Sir," Cortana said. "Aren't you worried that John may be dead, or... worse?"

"Who?"

"John," Cortana said. "You know, the Master Chief."

"Oh," Lord Hood replied. "Yeah, he could be dead, I guess."

"I'm glad to see you care about him," Cortana said sarcastically.

"We don't have time for this," Lord Hood said. "We have to retaliate against the Covenant for this attack. I need you to lead a special forces team to infiltrate a Covenant Vessel."

"No," Cortana replied.

"What?" Lord Hood said in surprise.

"You can get someone else to lead them into the Covenant Ship. I'm going to find the Master Chief. I'm going to find John. And if he is

dead, then I will see to it that he receives the proper funeral."

"You can't be serious!" Lord Hood exclaimed. "I gave you an order Cortana! Carry it out!"

"No," Cortana's picture on the hologram disappeared.

* * *

>The Master Chief checked his equipment. He had ten regular grenades, five covenant grenades, a Battle Rifle, and pistol. Not what he would have preferred to have been equipped with while investigating an unknown covenant vessel, but you have to go with what you have.
<p>The Master Chief stood up, and began walking onward through the ship. Suddenly John heard the quiet sound of water dripping. The Master Chief gripped his Battle Rifle tightly, and began to follow the sound. The sound grew louder and louder as the Master Chief made his way down the corridors of steel.<p>

He rounded a corner, and saw the source of the noise. The wall had been viciously torn open, and a water pipe had been wrenched out. The floor was covered with about an inch of water, presumably having come from the pipe. A steady supply of drips came from the pipe, plopping onto the ground, slowly increasing the amount of water on the floor.

The Master Chief walked on through the water, ignoring the fact that no normal human could break through a wall of such strength. Suddenly the Master Chief heard a strange noise behind him. John spun around, his metallic boots splashing the water around him. Before him stood a strange person dressed in an orange and red power suit. The Master Chief regarded the man, or possibly woman, who stood before him. The person's armor had incredibly large shoulder pads and the knee joints extended out into spikes. His/her visor, like the Master Chief's, obscured her features so that she didn't even appear to be human. But there were few people left who actually thought of the Master Chief as a human.

"Identify yourself," the Master Chief said.

He then stopped, and realized how martial he sounded. He didn't know if this person was affiliated with the Military.

"Who are you?" the Master Chief corrected himself.

The armored unit regarded the Chief, but did not speak. Instead, it raised its right arm. There, instead of a hand, it had a large cannon which either covered, or replaced much of the person's right arm. The end of the strange extension began to glow, and a ball of energy began to form on the end of it.

The Master Chief cocked his head in fascination. He had fought against both the Covenant and the Flood, but had never seen such technology. Soon the ball of light had grown to be even larger than the tip of the cannon. So now what would happen? Suddenly the Master Chief had a feeling that something was wrong. And as a Spartan, the ability to sense when things are wrong had been heightened. The Master Chief fell to the ground, right as the bright ball of light was released from the cannon, and sent flying across the room where

it tore a hole in the wall. The Master Chief leaped back to his feet and rolled out of the way as the armored figure fired bolts of plasma energy at him. He dodged behind a corner, and shoved some ammo into his Battle Rifle. The Master Chief then popped out and let loose a salvo of bullets towards the armored figure. Then he watched in amazement as the orange warrior leapt into the air, somersaulting over the salvo of bullets.

"Holy crap," the Chief said under his breath.

He had never met anyone who could manage such amazing stunts. The Master Chief fired at his spiraling enemy. The orange soldier then landed on the ground, before whirling around to face the Master Chief. But the Spartan didn't give the person time to hesitate. He immediately loosed a barrage of bullets into the steel enemy. The bullets hit their mark, knocking painfully against the armor, but doing little damage. The Master Chief continued firing, and the armored warrior dodged behind a pillar. The Master Chief then chucked a human grenade. But his orange nemesis popped back out from behind the pillar, and shot a bolt of plasma energy into the grenade, detonating it prematurely. The Master Chief dove around the corner as the resulting explosion tore apart the hallway in which they fought. Before the Master Chief could react, the armored warrior leapt from his/her position, rolling through the air, before landing before him.

The Master Chief raised his gun, and prepared to fire. The armored warrior raised his/her arm cannon. Suddenly a loud creak echoed through the room. The armor clad warrior then turned, and ran away.

"Where are you going!" Master Chief shouted after his enemy. "What the heck do you want from me?"

Then the Master Chief heard the sound of metal being torn and wrenched apart. He spun around, and saw a metal door down the hallway which he stood in. The metal door was being viciously torn from its hinges by some mighty creature behind it. Then, with a final wrench, the door fell forward, and a Flood Carrier form stepped into the room.

"Oh crap," Master Chief said, tightening his grip on his gun.

The Carrier Flood began slowly creeping towards the Master Chief. John pulled the trigger and fired his weapon into the face of the Carrier. The bullets thudded into it, cutting into its skin and tearing apart its vital organs. It tumbled to the ground, and began to swell up. Then, it exploded unleashing the tiny spore forms of the Flood. They began scurrying towards the Master Chief, who simply gunned them down.

Then the Chief heard another crash to his right. This time another steel door was torn open. But this time a strange creature smashed the door open, and stepped into the hallway. It was purple in color, with green piercing eyes and strange arms which appeared to have firearms embedded in the flesh. Without a word, it opened its claw like hands, and began firing green bolts of energy towards the Master Chief. The Master Chief rolled out of the way, and fired his Battle Rifle. The blasts tore through the chest of the creature, piercing its heart, and knocking it to the ground. There it lay,

dead.

Suddenly the Master Chief noticed something moving on the corpse. A small, amoeba like being rose up from the dead body, and began flying towards the Chief. John immediately held his gun up, and fired. But the bullets went straight into the small blue blob, and out the other side without doing any damage. Before the Master Chief could react, the tiny blue blob leaped upon him, and seemingly was absorbed into his flesh.

"What the heck?" the Master Chief exclaimed.

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his arm. It then spread on into his chest, and up into his head. The Master Chief blacked out on the floor as the strange blue creature made its way through his system.

**Yes yes, Master Chief gets invaded by the X Virus. But what will happen next? Why did Samus attack him? What will happen now that the X virus has entered his system? The Flood are involved? OH CRAP! Goodbye all you cool people out there. Leave me a review.**

3. Chapter 3 Dying Inside

Chapter 3 Dying Inside

_**Once again, the return of the Great Hammermaster. I think this chapter is far superior to the first two, and I'm hoping that it will continue to progress from here. Thank you all for reviewing, and please continue to review. Yeah, i'm in need of constructive criticism.
> _

A strange, array of colors, flashing like a carnival (not that he'd ever seen a carnival) flew through his brain, intensifying the disorder that he saw. The chaos. The lack of order. Images flew through his brain, forming strange pictures. But one stood out above the others. It showed a mother gently holding her child in her arms. The image faded away, and he saw a father walking down the street with his child up on his shoulders.

* * *

>The Master Chief opened his eyes, and the images all faded away. Then, he began to cry. He cried for his stolen life. He cried for his mother, for his father, for the brothers and sisters that he may have had. It hurt. He knew it hurt. As his salty tears began to roll onto his visor, obscuring his vision, John began to speak. <p>"My name is John," he said as the tears kept falling down. "I'm John. Speak to me someone. I'm dying inside."<p>

Suddenly the Master Chief heard the sound of static, and a garbled voice intertwined within the static. He slowly rose to his feet, and looked around for the source of the static. He saw a messed up gigantic computer of some sort up against the wall. The computer showed fuzzed up images of the ship's course, and images of what was going on outside. But it also had a radio. It was scratched up, and the speaker had been slashed open, but it still just barely worked. The Master Chief walked up to it, and listened to the

messages.

"Fff...asterief...asterief...fxxx...ortanafxx...oo...oo...read...fx..."

The Master Chief tried to make sense of the message.

"Fff...asterief...asterief...fxxx...ortanafxx...oo...oo...read...fx..."

"I can't understand you!" Master Chief shouted in reply. "Repeat the message please!"

"...arr...oo...asterieffx?"

"What?"

"...arrr...ou...Johnfx...?"

"John!" the Master Chief shouted. "That's me! That's me! I'm John!"

"...asterief...?"

"Master Chief," John said. "Yes, who is this?"

"...ortanafxx..."

"Cortana?"

"...ortanafxx...es..."

"Cortana, yes."

"...es..."

"Cortana, I can barely understand you."

"...I...o...appy...oo...arr...ine..."

"I'm happy I'm okay too," the Master Chief replied.

"...ere..arr..oo..?...I...ust...roadast...essage...acros...alaxy..."

"Were am I, you just broadcasted the message across the galaxy?"

"...oo..reeli...arrr...spxartanfx..."

"Yes, thank you. I'm so happy you found me. I was worried that I would be stuck here forever."

"...ere...arr...oo...?"

"I don't know," Master Chief replied. "I'm on some Covenant ship,

though so far I haven't seen any Covenant here. I saw some Flood, a strange person dressed in orange armor, and some unidentified alien creature."

"...erson...as...dressed...orangfx...'rmor...?"

"Yes."

"...I...ontact...alactic...ederation...ey..ot..a..erson..amed...amus...fxe...'resses...in...orangfx...'rmor..."

"What is the Galactic Federation? I can't understand you. Your signal is breaking up."

"...urry..asterief...ell...ee...ere...oo...arr..."

"It appears to be..." John paused while he looked on the computer screen to analyze the ship's course. "The ship appears to be heading straight for Earth. It should arrive their in... oh... I don't know. I can't understand these markings. They are in the Covenant dialect."

"...escrfx...a...ip..."

"I can't understand you Cortana, your signal is breaking up."

"...escrfx...a...ip..."

"Cortana, can you repeat that?"

"...rfx...a...i..."

"Cortana!"

"..."

"Dang!" Master Chief exclaimed in disappointment.

The connection had been broken.

"Stupid computers!" Master Chief shouted. "Speak to me! Cortana! Speak to me!"

You're the only person who ever treated me as a human. Speak to me Cortana, I'm dying inside.

Suddenly the Master Chief heard a thud, and turned to see the same orange warrior who he had fought before kneeling beneath an open vent in the ceiling as if he'd/she'd just jumped down from inside of it. The Master Chief's Battle Rifle was immediately in his hands, and he pulled the trigger.

* * *

>Samus Aran, leaped to the side, spinning as she jumped. She was not rusty enough to be caught, as she often referred to it as, with her pants down. Samus smiled as she felt the humorous side of her rising

up. But she immediately became serious. Whoever this armor clad enemy was, he had just declared his intentions by firing upon her. Samus landed, rolling across the floor before leaping back up to her feet. She fired several bolts of plasma energy towards her foe, but he leaped to the side, dodging every single blast. Samus had to give him credit, he knew what he was doing. Just like Adam. <p>"No," she told herself. "Don't think of that."</p>

Samus switched over to her scan visor, and quickly scanned her enemy.

****Species: Human. Gender: Male. Subject seems to have augmented strength, and flexibility. Possible genetic enhancement. Subject has some cybernetic implants inside of his body. Subject is more enhanced physically than most humans, and also has better stamina, and endurance. Interesting to note is that the subject's sex drive has been significantly lowered. Subject's DNA is like that of the super soldiers of the United States Navy. The Spartan Project. Few Spartans still remain alive, for most were killed in action. They are currently being used by the U.S. Government to combat the Covenant and the Flood. The person who succeeded in destroying Halo was a Spartan.****

Samus smirked. A Spartan. The computer always managed to write out long, scientific descriptions of the things it scanned. Samus preferred plain English. Samus had indeed heard rumors about the legendary Spartan project. She had been told that the U.S. Navy had secretly abducted children from their families, and turned them into super soldiers. Samus frowned. She believed that such a plan was heartless, and immoral. Taking children from their families was the work of cruel kidnappers, not respectable Government Officials.

Samus fired a charged shot at her enemy, but missed by a lot. The armored master leaped across the room, embarrassing Samus by how easily he dodged her blast. He then rolled across the floor, before flipping up, and firing his gun into Samus' face.

No!

The bullets pelted into her helmet, cracking the face mask, and pelting off the chozo armor, but doing little else.

_My armor is strong, _Samus thought. _You can't get better than Chozo armor._

But her enemy possessed a resource which Samus did not have. Energy shields. Samus began firing upon him again, but the silver armored figure dodged three of her blasts, and his shield held off the other one.

"Dang!" Samus exclaimed.

The Spartan rolled behind the wall as Samus fired several blasts of energy towards him. The silver warrior ducked behind a wall, and Samus continued firing her steady stream of plasma. But then she stopped when no further activity happened. Samus released her hold of the trigger and tried to think about what her enemy could be doing back there.

* * *

>The Master Chief thought's flew by rapidly. His brain had been enhanced so it was able to think strategically even in situations where the normal person would have panicked and lost all control. The Master Chief knew how to think and fight at the same time. And what a gift it was. Suddenly he noticed the shattered body of a Covenant warrior lying on the ground, defeated. Numerous burn scars covered its chest, suggesting it had gotten in a fight with some creature with a plasma weapon. But clutched in its cold dead arms was a shotgun! Master Chief immediately grabbed it, and turned towards the corner. This baby would blast the snot out of his enemy.<hr>The silver warrior popped out from behind the wall quicker than Samus could react, clutching a new weapon in his arms. Samus readied her arm cannon, but before she could attack her enemy fired a blast from his gun into her shoulder. The blast shattered through her armor as if it were scrap metal, but did not break into her flesh. The blast knocked Samus off balance, causing her to stumble about. Her enemy fired the weapon again. This time it broke through her leg armor, and a shard of the metal fired from the gun went into Samus' leg. The Bounty Hunter ignored the pain, and immediately spiraled out of the way. She ducked behind a corner, but not before her enemy fired another shot, this time splintering through her back armor.

Samus tried to think. Her enemy was not a wimpy soldier, or a "person who thought they could wield a gun when they couldn't even hold one right." Samus almost laughed at her joke, but she pushed it aside. This was no laughing matter. Her enemy was a master. He knew how to fight, and Samus had not had to deal with such enemies in a long time. She rarely fought humans, and when she did, they were always horrible at fighting. But her enemy did not have Chozo armor, and he certainly did not have missiles.

Samus immediately leaped up to her feet, and leaped out from behind the corner. She immediately fired a missile, but her enemy just ducked, and it went flying over his head. Then, the Spartan pulled some sort of blue shining ball out of his pocket, and threw it at Samus. A grenade!

The grenade hit Samus on her suit's "breast plate," but did not bounce off of her armor as she expected. Instead, it stuck to her chest. The Bounty Hunter almost panicked. But she didn't. Samus quickly pulled the grenade from her chest, and threw it away from her. It exploded right in front of her, sending her flying across the room in a blast of blue fire.

Samus slammed against the wall, and fell to the ground in a heap. She lifted her head from the floor, and watched as flashes of light appeared before her eyes. In this dizzy state of being, Samus watched as the Spartan walked up to her, and placed the muzzle of his weapon against her head.

"Who are you," he said firmly, demanding an answer. "And why did you attack me?"

Samus shook the stars out of her head, and looked up into her enemies visor. Suddenly she heard a commotion, and saw a small alien leap through a broken metal door in hysterics.

"Aaauuugghh!" it screamed. "Their taking over us!"

Then it stopped, and looked over at the Master Chief.

"It's the Demon! Aaaaaauugggghhhhh!"

It then ran away screaming. But its brief presence had been enough to draw the Spartan's attention away from Samus. The Bounty Hunter immediately leaped to her feet, and knocked her silver enemy aside with a strong punch in his chest. The Spartan leaped back to his feet, and raised his gun to fire. But he never got the chance. Samus immediately leaped into the air and spiraled towards her enemy. As she flew, Samus activated the screw attack, and immediately the pours in her suit began to release painful sparks of energy. She collided with her enemy as she spun through the air while curled up like a ball. The strong energy of the screw attack shattered through the Spartan's shields, knocking him across the room as his body was pumped full of the harmful energy. Samus ended her spiral, and landed on her feet.

Samus raised the barrel of her cannon, and fired one missile into her enemy as he flew across the room. The explosion sent him flying into the wall, knocking him unconscious. Samus smiled, but did not make any other attempt to celebrate. She was in too much pain to celebrate. What scared her the most was that she would have lost the battle if that alien hadn't ran into the room and distracted the Spartan.

But the Bounty Hunter was in bad shape. A sharp pain shot through her leg every time she moved it, and her whole body ached from the bashes she had received. Samus turned to the side, and immediately a sharp pain shot through her chest.

"Ow," Samus moaned.

Her lungs burned for air, and one of her ribs just may have been cracked open. But why had this Spartan attacked her. It didn't make any sense.

**Get a bit of Samus' point of view in there. Tired of hearing the Master Chief's thoughts all the time? Sick of his do or die attitude and mental conflict? Then subscribe to "Samus' thoughts." We provide a nice break between the thoughts of the Master Chief with the thoughts of the Bounty Hunter. All this, for one low price.**

4. Chapter 4 Partners

**Hello again. This chapter is dang awesome, I think, I hope. Tiger Tank, of course I won't take offense at what you say. The problem with some people on this website is that they do take offense at CONSTRUCTIVE criticism, which is much different from flaming. I mean, the point of reviews is to try and tell the person how to improve, or what they did that was good so they will keep doing it. Reviews are not for people to drool over your story, or to say its bad, and not give any advice on how to improve. I am part of another web site where the people their litterally grade the crap out of your work. And you can tell them how its your best work, but they don't give a dang. Their is always something wrong.**

_**You'll have to forgive me for mistakes about Spartan anatomy,

cause I don't own either Halo, or Halo 2. Why? Cause I don't have a dang X Box! But I do know the basic storylines for each, have played the games at my friends house, and have done extensive research on Halo since I began this story. Wikipedia, its a wonderful thing. And if you go there, you will see that they say that Master Chief works for the U.S. Navy. Sure, the world may be united in Halo, but the U.S. still exists. I don't think Samus has shieling. Her armor is just strong. Sorry about the Elite mistake. I meant to say Flood, but somehow I wrote it wrong and didn't notice my mistake. Yes, and your right, I do need more description. Am working on that now. And... when Samus absorbed the SA-X at the end of Fusion, she received her ORIGINAL suit back. Not an upgraided Fusion Suit. That would ruin the Metroid Series if she didn't get her original suit back. Too bad she didn't keep her old ship. **_

Pain. Darkness. Shadows. A crying father and mother. Crying over a dead child lying on the road side. What a tragedy it was when a child died so young. But what if the child had intended to die? The body received a proper funeral, and was placed in a casket and buried. But it was not the child of the two mourning parents. It was a flash clone. Meant to die. One of the crimes of the American Government. What was once a glorious nation that stood for what was right had fallen into darkness. Harsh, immoral politicians had came to power, and steered the peaceful state of the world into darkness. Until the Government became powerful enough that it became the enemy. John had never died. He had just been torn away from his family, and made to become a slave of the U.S. Navy. What a life.

The Master Chief awoke with a start, banishing all thoughts of his mother and father. He did not want to think about them. When he opened his eyes, the Master Chief found himself lying on some soft table. He was strapped to the table with large metal straps. As his vision cleared, he realized that he was in some sort of space ship. He was still in his armor, but his weapons had all been taken from him. Then, from the corner of his eye, the Master Chief saw a door open, and a figure walk into the room.

"Who are you?" the Master Chief said, struggling against his bonds. "Why am I strapped to this table?"

"Who am I?" a feminine voice replied. "I should be the one doing the asking, and you doing the answering. Why did you attack me back in the starship?"

The Master Chief then remembered everything. He was surprised, however, to find out that his enemy was a girl. He had never fought against a girl of his own species before.

"I attacked you because you attacked me before!" the Master Chief said. "Release me so that I may fight you again!"

"I have never seen you before in my life. I have never fought you, until I dropped from the air vent and you attacked me."

"Yes you did!" the Master Chief struggled against his bonds to no avail.

The figure stepped into the light. It was, indeed, a female. She stood about six feet tall with long blond hair and soft blue eyes. She no longer wore her bulky power suit, and was now dressed in a

comfortable, blue one piece suit. She looked tough, in an attractive sense, and was quite physically fit but did not look like she had been abusing steroids. That was, of course, because she hadn't been. The Master Chief stopped struggling, and just watched the strange girl walking towards him.

"Look," the girl said. "I came to this station when I realized that a deadly species had escaped aboard it. I came here to stop it from spreading across the Universe. Several different species have clashed on this ship, for all of them want control over it. Many times the cockpit has changed hands, but every time it did, the ship still continued to travel in the same direction. The question is, where is it going?"

"I know where it is going," the Master Chief said.

"Where then?" the girl asked.

"Release me and I will tell you," the Master Chief said.

The girl shook her head.

"You think I'm a fool? I know who you are. You are a Spartan. You have augmented strength, and endurance. And your suit adds some of its own power. I may be strong, but you would defeat me in hand to hand fighting."

The Master Chief looked over at the girl.

"Look," he began, "I don't know about your business here, but I have to find a working radio and contact my superiors so they can get me back home."

"And where is home?" the girl asked.

Master Chief stopped and thought about this. He had never really had a home. He was never allowed to remain in one place for very long. He was constantly off fighting the Covenant, and never took up permanent residence anywhere.

"I-" Master Chief stuttered. "I don't really have a home."

"That's sad," the girl said. "This ship is my home. Lucky for me, its mobile. You want to get home. I need to find a way to stop the X parasites from spreading across the galaxy. What if we made this a joint product?"

The girl smiled and looked over at the Master Chief.

"Why would I want to help you?" the Master Chief asked.

"Because this doesn't just concern me," the girl said. "It concerns the whole universe. This species, the X parasites, they take over other species. They add the DNA of their hosts to their own, and then can morph into little clones of their hosts whenever they want. One used me as a host once. Though thankfully I was saved by a special vaccine. But one of the parasites survived, and became, well, an exact copy of me. The SA-X. But I don't know what the X parasites are trying to do with this ship, or what all the other species which are aboard this ship are trying to do. I don't even know where they are

going."

"The ship is on a course for the planet of Earth," the Master Chief said.

"What?" the girl said in surprise. "How did the X learn of Earth's location?"

"I don't know much about the X," the Master Chief said. "But this ship is a Covenant Ship. The Covenant recently learned of Earth's location. The X must have learned through them."

"Whatever happens," the girl said, "we must make sure this ship does not make it to Earth."

"Right," the Master Chief said. "We must work together on this. Now will you release me."

"Sure," the girl said, before walking to the table and inserting a key in the side of it.

Then, with a turn, all of the straps were released, and the Master Chief was free. The Master Chief sat up, and adjusted his helmet.

"Who are you anyways?" the girl asked.

"Me?" Master Chief said. "I'm Spartan 117 of the U.S. Navy. The Master Chief."

"No," the girl said. "What is your name?"

"My name..." the Master Chief paused, a little surprised that he hadn't thought of that. "Uh, I'm John."

He felt awkward using his real name.

"Well," the girl said, "my name is Samus Aran. I am a Bounty Hunter. I work for the Galactic Federation. And you are a Spartan, a super soldier of the U.S. Navy."

"How did you know that?" the Master Chief asked.

"Well John," Samus said, "I scanned you while we were fighting, and my computer researched you."

"You... you researched me?" Master Chief said, feeling as if someone had placed a camera in his personal life.

"Relax," Samus said. "My computer only looked up information about your strengths, weaknesses, and such."

"So what do we do now?" Master Chief asked.

"First of all," Samus began, "we need to find a way to gain control of this vessel. Then we can avert its course from Earth, and try and find a way to destroy the X parasites which have found their way onto this ship."

The Master Chief got to his feet.

"I need a weapon," he said.

Samus smiled.

"I wouldn't worry about that," she said. "There are plenty of them lying around in the ship."

"It disappeared?" the Prophet of Truth gave the Elite a sideways glance.

"Yes noble Hierarch," the Elite said. "It completely disappeared from Radar. There was nothing we could have done."

"Nothing you could have done!" the Prophet of Truth stopped, and let his words sink into the minds of the council members.

"You could have taken a ship, and tried to find the Day of Glory, and return it to us."

"Noble hierarchy," the Elite continued, "I admit my mistake and my fateful judgment. With your permission Holy Prophets, I will return to my ship, and set out on a mission to find the Day of Glory, return it to you, or die in the process. I swear this!"

"Shall we give him another chance?" the Prophet of Truth whispered to the Prophet of Mercy.

"One chance," the Prophet of Mercy replied. "And if he returns to us without the Day of Glory, he will have his innards removed, and his dead body will be hung on the highest peak in the Cardonian mountains."

"A merciful decision," the Prophet of Truth whispered.

Then, he turned his attention to the Elite, and began speaking much louder.

"We have decided to give you another chance. Go and find this ship, and return it to us. If you fail, I tell you, you will die a more painful death than any other."

"Noble Hierarchs," the Elite said, "loyal council members."

He then turned, and walked away quickly.

"Wasn't it recorded that the worst punishment ever administered was given to the Heretic of Isiildor?" the Prophet of Mercy whispered to the Prophet of Truth.

"I lied to him," the Prophet of Truth said. "When people know that they will suffer greatly when they fail, it tends to... assure that they will succeed in their mission."

The Prophet of Mercy nodded solemnly.

The blue blob circled around, preparing the genetic material within itself. Then, when it was ready, it activated the genes. RNA was immediately sent to work as new tissue began to form, chromosomes were split apart. Cell division of a major scale rocked through the

ship, rising up a new creature. A new enemy. A new demon. More and more cells appeared, forming complex tissue and even organs. Then these were all bound together by an outer coating. Pale skin. Bones and muscles rose up, and the new body began to move. It was strong, but not strong enough. It would have to find a way to grow stronger.

"I see something ahead, but I don't know what it is."

"Oh, that's just a Grunt. A simple Covenant unit."

Samus sighed, and looked over at her partner through her visor.

"Remind me again what the Covenant is," she said.

"The Covenant is a unification of several alien species," the Master Chief replied. "We are at war with them, because they attacked us. They are the ones who started this war. They had some plan involving a great structure, called Halo, which was left behind in this galaxy by an ancient race known as the Forerunners. I know that Halo was created to destroy all sentient life within a large radius, but I'm not sure if the Covenant know about this."

"Right. So this guy, this Grunt; beating him will be a walk in the park?"

"Essentially. But we might want to question him about all that is going on here."

"What do you suggest we do."

"Let me handle this, I've already formulated a plan."

The Master Chief immediately began creeping forward, towards the Grunt. The Grunt looked very frightened, and was looking around the room as if afraid that some demon would leap through the walls upon him. Samus watched the Master Chief carefully. He clearly was an experienced soldier. He was already showing incredible leadership skills, and an insane ability to think creatively during combat situations. Usually, during combat, Samus' mind went almost completely blank. And that was a large burden when she tried to strategize.

Samus then heard a thud, followed by a loud shriek. She walked coolly out from her hiding spot, to see the Spartan holding the Grunt forcibly against the wall with a gun at its throat.

"Aauuggh!" it wailed in a high pitched voice. "Don't kill me! Its the Demon! Aauugghh!"

"Silence!" John said, jerking the plasma pistol around, and jamming it further into the Grunt's neck.

Samus was fascinated by this creature. It stood only about three feet of the ground, but still appeared fit enough to fight. It had a large spike extending out from its back, and its eyes were filled with terror.

"What is going on here," the Master Chief demanded. "What is causing

all this chaos?"

"Th- the creatures!" the Grunt shrieked, as if it expected the Master Chief to know what it was talking about.

"What creatures?" the Spartan said.

"I don't know! They are taking over my friend's bodies! Like Carsagona tried to kill me back their. I tried to escape, but she barred the exit. I had to kill her! I had to kill my own friend."

The Grunt covered its face with its hands and began to sob. The pathetic state of this already pathetic creature touched the Master Chief deep in his heart. He had never felt compassion for the creatures which he hunted, but now he did. Then he began to wonder why he had never felt sorry for the Covenant. For they had feelings too.

"These... creatures," the Master Chief said, "are they blue?"

"Yes."

"Are they... shaped like blobs?"

"Yes."

"I have been told that the cockpit has changed hands several times. Tell me, how did these... creatures get aboard this vessel?"

"I have no idea," the Grunt said through his tears. "We landed on a strange Space Station after following a distress signal. We then sent out a crew to search for survivors. They returned shortly afterwards, and told us to leave the station as quickly as possible. But then they all went off to the bathroom together, and they then killed themselves. That's when the outbreak began to occur."

The Grunt began to shiver, and tears began to form on the edges of his eyeballs.

"Are you going to kill me?" the Grunt asked as he cried.

John's grip on the plasma pistol loosened, and he felt himself making a decision which he never would have dreamed of making.

"You see the hallway to your left?" the Master Chief said sternly.

"Yes," the Grunt moaned.

"There should be some escape pods in there," the Master Chief said. "You have ten seconds to get in one of those and blast out of here, before I destroy you. Now go!"

The Grunt was in down the hall and in the escape pod before the Master Chief counted to three. It then activated the pod, and it was jettisoned from the ship.

"That was cool," Samus said.

The Master Chief just looked up at her.

**Ha! Can't wait to write how the different personalities of Samus and the Master Chief fit together. Samus, joke cracking, not good and thinking, not so serious Bounty Hunting woman. Master Chief, serious, exceedingly good at thinking, incredibly devoted super soldier. They fit so well together, its great. They provide the personality traits which the other does not have.**

5. Chapter 5 Poem from the Heart

Chapter 5 Poem from the Heart

**Yes, now I realize my mistake with the U.S. and UNSC. And when I wrote Master Chief looked up at Samus, I did not mean she is taller than him. No way! The Master Chief is a big dawg. Samus is smaller. I wrote that because when I imagined that scene in my head with the grunt, since the grunts are so short, I imagined that the Master Chief had to fall to one knee while holding the grunt against the wall. But I didn't make that clear in the chapter, so I accept full responsibility for that error. I'll try and not do that in the future. Yes, Master Chief was hit with an X parasite. And the question is, why didn't it take over him, and bend him to its will. But what if it did, but we don't know about it? What if it is waiting for the opportune moment. What if I don't want to give away the secret? Arsonist, what mindless questions are you referring to?**

_"The meeting of two personalities is like the contact of two chemical substances: if there is any reaction, both are transformed."
Carl Jung._

The fleshy creature crawled through the ship, searching for a way to better itself. It held the strength of its original host, but did not share the mechanical capabilities of the original host. It had to develop them somehow, but how? Strength was all that mattered to this being, not sentient, but not insentient. Able to think, but unable to think morally, or spiritually. Barbaric as an animal, but smart. Cunning. Dark.

* * *

>The Master Chief and Samus Aran walked down the corridor, neither speaking. They didn't know anything about each other, and why should they? They'd never met. The Master Chief took a quick glance at the girl beside him. Her eyes lifted up, and met his as he turned. John immediately turned away, and continued walking. He found it interesting, that his visor concealed his face completely, while you could still see Samus' eyes through her visor if you looked closely enough. Why had they made Master Chief's visor obscure his face? Was it because it was stronger that way, or because they wanted to make him seem less than human?<p><p>

Master Chief stopped thinking, and kept walking. Then suddenly, the words appeared in his mind again. During his battles and every time he put on the tough guy attitude, the Master Chief's mind had began forming words, a poem. The Master Chief did not understand why poetry existed, and thought it foolish, so he was amazed that his own mind

was creating this. Yet he couldn't stop it. He often said the poem over and over to himself at night, wondering what it meant.

Rose petals blooming, flowing, blowing.

Life is ending, going, going.

A question follows, it must be answered.

Follow through, eternal cancer.

Chains and guns, what difference does it make?

When you find love, how much would it take,

to bring about the impossible, to purge and bring an end,

to the death, the pain, the cage and the strife?

The Master Chief thought over the words his mind had unconsciously created. He rarely saw roses, for he was always on a space ship, or on some other planet. So the fact that his mind had brought roses into the poem seemed strange enough. But what question must be answered, and what was the cancer supposed to be? A disease. Not from a germ, but from faulty mechanics in your body. When cells began randomly dividing in your body uncontrollably.

John shook his head. That was too technical. But what about the love part? Master Chief did not love. His sex drive had been lowered. He did not have the desire to do such things that other humans delighted in. That was what love was, a feeling of pleasure, right? But the Master Chief felt some part of him shake its head. The Master Chief did not love anyone. No, wait. That was not true. John loved only one thing, and that was the memory of his mother and father. That was what he needed now, was a mother and father to help him. But he had never had them before, and he wouldn't now. And the love he had for them was different than lust. That was for dang sure. Tears came to Master Chief's eyes. The greatest pain there is comes when you find that love is the greatest thing in the world, and the only people you have ever loved have disappeared.

* * *

>Samus looked over at the man beside her as they walked. The Master Chief was so tall. She figured that he was at least seven feet tall, almost a head larger than she was. His silver green armor glowed in the light from the ceiling, completing the awesome figure. Every time he spoke, the Master Chief's voice was filled with strength and might. Your "in control" kind of guy. But Samus wondered what he looked like without the mask up covering what his face truly held.<p><p>

"So..." Samus said, trying to create a conversation.

The Master Chief looked up at her, his cold eyes, no, his cold faceplate staring back at her. The cold gaze of his visor almost stopped any further speech on Samus' part, but then she reminded herself that his eyes probably looked very different behind the visor.

"So, you are a Spartan," Samus said, struggling for something to say.

"Affirma..." the Master Chief stopped. He had forgotten how to speak to anyone but his commander.

"...uh... yes," the Master Chief said, embarrassed.

Samus smiled. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Samus then made a note to talk to his boss later and try and get him to give the Master Chief a break.

"So," Samus continued, "what's it like being a super soldier?"

"In comparison to what?" the Master Chief asked.

"In comparison to being a normal person," Samus said.

"I've never been anyone but Spartan 117," the Master Chief said.
"That is my identity. That is who I am."

Tears came to his eyes as he admitted this to himself, as painful as it was. But his voice remained in control, and tough sounding. He stared through his visor, the visor which had on several occasions been stained with tears, sweat, and even blood. But no one knew about this. The Master Chief always kept his tough guy posture, but many of the times when he stood there looking tough and in control, tears would be pouring down his cheeks. Whenever this happened, John would always ask why. Why was he crying? Why didn't he ever let others know that he was sad? And what was he sad about? Was it the intense training which had taught him to hold in his emotions? Was he sad because he had lost his parents? But the strange, constant leakage from his eyes just started and stopped, without explanation.

But whenever this happened, the Master Chief never sobbed, sniffed, or made any sound which would indicate that tears were coming out from his eyes.

"Oh," Samus said. "I'm sorry."

"Why are you apologizing?" the Master Chief said in his tough, in control voice.

In truth, he sounded like a computer.

"Because I thought..."

"Well you thought wrong," the cold machine cut her off, drowning out her words with his own.

"Well excuse me Mr. Big and Tough," Samus said sarcastically.

The Master Chief just fixated her with a cold stare, and Samus didn't say anything else.

Suddenly the two warriors rounded a corner, and found themselves face to face with three strange frog like creatures. They were about the size of a small dog, with thick, pink, armor plated backs. They hissed at the two new people, before hopping towards them. Samus immediately raised her arm cannon, and fired several bolts into one of

the frogs, obliterating it completely. One of them then spit out a ball of acid towards the Master Chief, who ducked. Then the Master Chief drew a needler which he had found on the floor, and fired three bolts into the frog. They exploded, taking the life of the frog creature with them.

Samus then fired a missile into the third creature, obliterating it completely. But then, three small amoeba like creatures appeared in the place of the three frogs. The Master Chief looked at the three creatures in surprise. He felt something run through him, some sort of deja vu. What it meant, he didn't know. Then the three creatures shot towards him. Samus immediately leapt in front of John, blocking him from the strange parasites. Two of them collided with her chest, and were immediately injected into her skin. The other shot around her, and flew towards the Master Chief. Samus immediately swung her arm around, and caught the parasite with her hand. It immediately was absorbed into her skin.

"What were those things?" the Master Chief asked.

"They are the X," Samus said. "They take over any creature they meet up with, and then they absorb their DNA so that the X can turn into them at any time."

"Oh crap," the Master Chief said.

"What's wrong?" Samus asked.

"I... I saw something like that before I met you. The Flood. The Flood are aboard this ship!"

"The what?" Samus said.

"The Flood!" Master Chief exclaimed. "They are an alien species which takes over other species. They then mutate their host into bizarre and powerful forms."

"Well the X don't mutate their hosts. They just take over them. Oh, and they can spawn their hosts anywhere."

"But think about this," the Master Chief said. "These two species, so alike, and yet so different. What will happen if they come into contact with each other?"

"I'd imagine they would fight," Samus said.

"No," Master Chief said. "Think Samus. Think!"

"Uh..." if there was one thing Samus wasn't good at it was thinking hard about problems and solutions.

"Imagine if the abilities of the two species was combined into one. Imagine the results!"

* * *

>"We are approaching an unknown vessel," an Elite said. "By the markings on the side, I can tell that it is the Day of Glory! We have succeeded!"<p><p>

Another Elite (who was the one who had been blamed for the loss of the Day of Glory, and who was commanding this ship) turned to look at the other Elite. The Elite's name was Karjan.

"Yes," Karjan said. "But we have not succeeded yet. We must land on the ship, and find out what has changed its course, and why we are not receiving radio contact from the crew aboard the ship."

The crew of five Elites, two Grunts, and one Hunter began to arm themselves. Karjan dressed himself in his armor, and grabbed a plasma rifle, a plasma pistol, and several plasma grenades.

"We must all be ready for whatever may be in there," he said. "You never know what could have caused such a mighty ship to change course, and disappear from our radar."

**Dang I'm so sorry for taking so long to submit this chapter. I was confused on what to make the Master Chief and Samus do next. Oh, and those of you who play either Zelda OOT or any of the Harvest Moon games, check out some of my other stories please.**

6. Chapter 6 Knight of Valor

Chapter 6 Knight of Valor

I suppose an apology is necessary. No, I'm not dead, and I haven't given up on this story, but I have lost a bit of interest, resulting in the chapters getting submitted slowly. Sorry. Now for my comments on your reviews. I have received many saying that the Master Chief was really a cold tough guy with a stone heart who didn't get hurt by anything. This I disagree with, which is demonstrated in this story. He was robbed of his childhood, so he never truly learned to become an adult. The childhood necessities stayed with him into adulthood because of him being deprived of them as a child.

It grew stronger, stretching out its bulk into a mighty mass. Fusing metal with bone and flesh. It would become as strong as its host. If not greater.

* * *

>"What vessel is this?"<p><p>

"I do not know. The markings on the side are not of us, nor of the Humans. It must be from some alien race which we have not discovered yet."

"Maybe we can use them as subjects for our experiments."

"Yes, what a clever idea. This ship obviously holds advanced technology which we do not have, so the race which controls this ship must be amazing! I order you to board the unknown vessel and capture some members of the alien race which controls it. Bring them back to the ship, and put them in cells."

"Right away."

* * *

>"This is my ship," Samus said, leading the Master Chief aboard her Hunter Gunship. "We can rest up here while we figure out what to do."<p><p>

Samus walked into a different room and closed the door while John surveyed the area. The Hunter Gunship served as Samus' fighter as well as home. It was filled with homey touches, such as pictures on the walls, and furniture. Of course, it was all fused to the floor or to the walls so that it wouldn't get thrown around during evasive maneuvers. The Master Chief took this all in, for it was very strange to him. He slept on a bunk in his own room aboard the ship he was stationed on. He had not lived in a real home since he was a child. This was all strange to him.

"Make yourself at home."

The Master Chief started, and quickly turned to the side to see Samus walk back out the door to the room she had gone into earlier. She had gotten out of her bulky power suit, and was now dressed in the same blue one piece suit she had worn before. The Master Chief was startled by this sudden change, because she no longer looked like a warrior. She looked so... so... human. The Master Chief blushed slightly, he wasn't used to speaking with women so informally.

"W-what does that mean?" John asked, for the first time betraying an emotion in his voice.

"What does what mean?" Samus asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Make yourself at home," Master Chief said, looking down at the ground through his visor.

"You know," Samus said, with a chuckle. "Get comfortable, sit down and relax."

"Relax?" John had worn the uncomfortable body armor so long that he had almost forgotten what comfortable meant.

The Master Chief immediately tried to think of a way to accomplish all three of these. He looked around, hoping that an answer to her request be shoved right in front of him.

"Um..." the Master Chief usually relaxed by sleeping, but he didn't think that was appropriate for this situation.

He could sit down though. He walked over to the couch, and sat down on it. How he was supposed to get comfortable, he had no idea. He looked over at Samus. She seemed to approve of what he was doing.

"Why don't you get out of that body armor?" Samus asked.

"Get out of my armor?" the Master Chief looked down at himself.

"Yeah," Samus said. "I mean, I assume that you are wearing clothes under your armor."

"My armor..." the Master Chief paused. "My armor is my clothes."

It was true, he wore his armor so often that he had gotten out of the habit of wearing clothes underneath.

"Well lucky for you," Samus said, "I do have some men's clothing in the back. I had a brother once, and before he died he came to visit me, and left his whole suitcase on my gunship. But before I could give him his stuff back he died of a heart attack. So you can have his old room as well as his stuff."

Master Chief didn't know what to say. He knew that at this point he should offer sympathy, since she had been reminded of her dead brother.

"I'm... sorry," John said.

Samus turned away from the Master Chief, and let a couple of tears fall from her eyes.

"Its okay," she said in an emotional voice. "Its not your fault. Just go into the other room and find the suitcase. His clothes old clothes are in there."

The Master Chief stood up, and walked into the other room.

* * *

>The Hunter sneered at his captors, making it clear that he did not fear them. But they ignored him. The Hunter was held down by strong metal clamps which he could not break out of. The room was dark, so the hunter couldn't see his captors. But he heard them moving something across the floor. Then he heard nothing. The Hunter looked up, expecting something to happen. A glass cage lowered over the Hunter, trapping him inside. Then small valves on the floor opened, and a strange blue liquid began to fill the cage. The Hunter roared as it burned at his skin.<p><p>

* * *

>Samus lounged on her couch relaxing. She thought about the Master Chief. She had fought alongside him and against him, but had never seen his face. She looked calm, but she was anxious to see what the great warrior looked like without his armor on. Samus sighed, and closed her eyes. She didn't get to relax much anymore. It was always one mission after the other. So the times she did relax were always wonderful.<p><p>

* * *

>The Master Chief looked at himself in the mirror. He hadn't looked like this since... he hadn't ever looked like this. The face he looked at was not his own. The clothes he wore were not his own. His skin was not his own. His skin was metal, and his face was a visor. Suddenly he looked so... human.<p><p>

He felt out of place as he walked out from the room. And he felt very self conscious when Samus looked over at him. He felt ashamed to come into the presence of such a person without his armor on. Without the shield which surrounded him, holding in his humanity.

* * *

>Samus looked over to see some guy walking out of the other room. She was about to grab her arm cannon, when she realized that it was the Master Chief. But no, that couldn't be him.<p><p>

"John?" Samus said softly.

The man stopped, and stood there as if was subconscious of the fact that he wasn't wearing his suit. But then he got a hold of himself.

"Uh... these clothes are very... weird," John said, looking down at the jeans and Red T-shirt that he was wearing.

Samus just looked at him, smiling slightly.

"You look much different then I expected you to look," Samus said.

And it was true. He was a very tall man in stature, but in appearance he didn't look like a big tough guy. His features were soft, not hardened as one would expect. His eyes were a deep, Hazel color which reminded Samus of fall leaves, dying and falling from the tree. They looked emotional, like silent sadness glazed over with a thin layer of grit. But this layer of grit was thin, and easily penetrated with out the outer armor. His hair was a light dirty blond color which shone in the ship's light, dark from so many years of not seeing the sun. His skin was pale with freckles, which Samus found quite cute. The best description for his face is that it looked like a child's face. It was soft, and vulnerable, and didn't really look super masculine or super tough.

The Master Chief blushed at her comment, and it showed brightly on his cheeks. He had forgotten how to control his emotions since they had been hidden behind a mask for so many years.

"You look great," Samus said smiling at his embarrassment.
"Really."

John said nothing, for he felt awkward listening to a girl compliment his looks.

"I don't..." John stopped, and looked at the ground.

"You don't what?" Samus asked.

John continued looking at the ground. "I don't... I don't know."

Samus smiled, realizing that John didn't know how to word whatever he was trying to say.

"Why don't you sit down, and relax," Samus suggested. "You look terrible."

The Master Chief looked up abruptly.

"You just said that I looked great," the Master Chief said, as if he had just been insulted.

"No no no," Samus said. "You do look great. When I said you looked terrible, I meant you look really tired, and stressed out."

"Stressed out?" John thought about this.

What stress meant to him was when his superiors determined that he had been overworked, and would be given a day's break where he would sit in his room and stare at the wall, not knowing what to do.

"No," the Master Chief said. "I haven't worked that hard yet."

"Sit down," Samus said. "You've worked hard enough."

"No I haven't," the Master Chief said. "I haven't even broken any bones."

"Glad to hear it," Samus said. "Sit down."

John opened his mouth to say something, but stopped. There was nothing to say. John looked up at Samus, who gestured towards one of the chairs with her head. John walked over to it, and sat down.

"So tell me," Samus said. "What's your story?"

"My story?" to John, the word story only applied to one part of his life which he had nearly forgotten.

He remembered before he was kidnapped and forced into the Spartan project how his mother used to tell him old stories at night. He remembered only one story that his mother used to tell him, for it had been his very favorite story.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there lived a powerful Knight in an ancient kingdom. His name was Sir George, but everyone called him Saint George, for he was such a great knight."

Samus looked up in surprise, certainly not expecting this. But this intrigued her, for she knew that John had clearly been messed up by the maltreatment he had received. The Master Chief noticed her surprised look. That made him angry, and he didn't know why.

"Is something wrong?" he said, with anger in his eyes.

"No," Samus said, surprised at his violent outburst.

"Then why did you look at me like that?" Master Chief stood up out of his chair really quickly, towering seven feet above the ground.

Samus looked up at the towering figure who had only seconds ago looked very soft and vulnerable. Now he looked like he could kill someone.

"Why do you look at me like that!" his eyes were filled with venom, and began to fill with tears. "Why do you look at me like that?"

Hot tears were now pouring down his cheeks, and John touched his face lightly with his hand, as if amazed at how the tears felt.

"What is happening to me? What is happening to me!"

Master Chief thundered, before turning to the far side of the room. He saw a screw driver lying on the ground. Master Chief jumped over his chair, and kicked the screw driver as hard as he could. It flew across the room and ricocheted across the room. John then fell to the ground and began viciously slamming his fists against the carpet while his body shook with rage, and while he roared in anger.

Samus stood up, surprised at his sudden temper tantrum. Suddenly John stopped, realizing what he was doing. He breathed heavily, as more tears poured down his cheeks. Then he fell to the ground and sobbed. Samus ran to his side, and put her arms around him. She knew that he didn't know how to control his emotions.

"Its okay," Samus said, as she cautiously placed her arms around the Spartan.

John seemed to respond well to her touch, so Samus began rubbing his shoulders slowly. John did nothing, but savored the touch of another human. It brought back bittersweet memories of his mother, for ever since his abduction no one had ever been there to kiss him goodnight, or to tuck him in. He was an adult now, but he never experienced those childhood necessities which helped a man truly become a man.

Samus continued rubbing his shoulders, her soft hands massaging the war hardened muscles in his back. John's tears stopped, and he felt the memories coming back. He remembered his mother putting him in bed, and telling him how much she loved him. He remembered how he would run into his parents room whenever he had a nightmare, and how his father would rub his back while telling him time and time again how he had lost his fear of the dark.

"There," Samus said. "Feel better?"

John sighed, and nodded. Why was it that this girl brought so many memories back. What was it about her that brought his past back to life? He hadn't thought about his childhood very much in a very long time.

"I'm... I'm sorry," John said, remembering how it had always been important to apologize for something you did that was wrong. "I don't know whats happening to me. I don't know why I am acting like this."

"Well why don't you finish your story?" Samus suggested, thinking that it might calm him down even more.

"Well, Saint George was a great fighter, and was respected by everyone, but he wasn't... happy inside," John tried to tell the story as his mom always had. "He was sad, because there was nothing left for him to do in his country. Everyone was safe, and there was no work left for him. Saint George became just a celebrity, just a figure which the people looked at, and loved no matter what he did. His face had become the helmet that he wore. His visor was his face to the people, for few saw him without it on. To the people he was just a suit of armor and a lance with a person inside. But to him he was a man who fought for good, armor and lance optional.

"So he decided to travel the world searching for a place where people needed a knight again."

"Tell me," Samus said, interrupting. "Was the helmet that he wore a mask which covered the true self inside?"

"I... I think so," the Master Chief said.

"I've seen that before," Samus said. "Please continue."

"Well, anyways," John continued. "Saint George came to a country where no grass grew, and there were no people in sight. So he kept going, until he found a city. Its gates were barred, but they opened, and a beautiful girl dressed in a white dress came walking out from the city. Saint George knew something was wrong. So he rode up to the girl, and asked her what was wrong. She told him to leave the country, for a dragon lived there, and had ravaged the landscape in the surrounding area until the Lord of the Land agreed to sacrifice two sheep a day to the dragon in exchange for him promising not to attack the city. But then they ran out of sheep, and the Dragon demanded that a maiden be sent instead. And so, the girl was going to sacrifice her life to save her kingdom. The Knight then told the girl that he would kill the dragon to save her, and her Kingdom. So the girl took him to the Dragon's lair, and the Knight entered."

Master Chief stopped. He didn't remember anything else.

"So what happened?" Samus asked. "Did the Knight kill the dragon and save the Princess?"

"I don't...know," John said, looking at the wall thoughtfully. "I don't remember."

End
file.